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OCTOBER 30, 1731

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O C T O B E R 30, 1731.

By Mr. CIBBER, ^KServant to His MAJESTY.

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Printed for J O H N W A T T S at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court*
near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields.*

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M A J E S T Y

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OCTOBER 30, 1731.

By Mr. C. B. ... to His Majesty.

L O N D O N



Printed by John Watts, at the ... Office in W. M. Court

MDCCLXXXI



AN
ODE

FOR HIS

MAJESTY'S
BIRTH-DAY,



WHEN Charles, from Anarchy's Retreat,
Resum'd the Regal Seat: driv'n)
When (hence, by frantick Zealots
Our holy Church, our Laws,
Returning, with the Royal Cause,
Rais'd up their thankful Eyes, to Heaven.

B

Then

6 *An ODE for His MAJESTY'S*

Then Hand in Hand,
To bless the Land,
Protection, with Obedience came,
And mild Oblivion wav'd Revenge,
For Wrongs of Civil Flame.

*Wild, and wanton, then, our Joys,
Loud, as raging War before:
All was Triumph, tuneful Noise,
None, from Heaven, could hope for more.*

*Brother, Son, and Father Foes,
Now embracing, bless their Home:
Who so happy, could suppose
Happier Days were still to come?*

But

But Providence, that better knows
Our Wants, than we,
Previous to those,
(Which human Wisdom could not, then, foresee)
Did, from the pregnant former Day,
A Race of Happier Reigns, to come, convey.

* The Sun, we saw precede,
Those mighty Joys restor'd,
Gave to our future Need,

From great PLANTAGENET a * Lord.

From whose high Veins this greater Day arose,
A Second GEORGE, to fix our World's Repose.
From CHARLES restor'd, short was our Term of Bliss,
But GEORGE from GEORGE entails our Happiness.

* King GEORGE I, born May 28, 1660.

From

An ODE for His MAJESTY'S

*From a Heart, that abhors the Abuse of high Pow'r,
Are our Liberties duly defended;*

*From a Courage, inflam'd by the Terrors of War,
(With his Fame, is our Commerce extended.)*

*Let our publick high Spirits be rais'd, to their Height,
Yet our Prince, in that Virtue, will lead 'em.*

*From our Welfare, he knows, that his Glory's more
As Obedience enlarges our Freedom. [bright;*

*What Ties can bind a grateful People more,
Than such diffus'd Benevolence of Pow'r?*

If private Views could more prevail,

Than Ardour, for the Publick Weal,

Then had his Native, Martial Heat,

In Arms seduc'd him, to be Great.

But

*But Godlike Virtue, more inclin'd
To save, than to destroy,
Deems it superior Joy,
To lead, in Chains of Peace, the Mind.*

With Song, ye BRITONS, lead the Day!
Sing! sing the Morn, that gave him Breath,
Whose Virtues never shall decay,
No, never, never taste of Death.

CHORUS.

*When Tombs, and Trophies shall be Dust,
Fame shall preserve the Great, and Just.*



BIRTH-DAY.

But Godlike Virtues, more inclin'd
To leave, than to decay,
Deems it superior Joy
To lead, in Chains of Peace, the Mind.

With Song, ye Britons, lead the Day!
Sing! sing the Morn, that gave him Breath,
Whole Virtues never shall decay,
No, never, never taste of Death.

CHORUS.

When Temples, and Trophies shall be Dull,
Fame shall preserve the Great, and Just.

